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Spent the day, until about 4:30 P.M., blissfully alone: the first order of business was a breakfast of pancakes & SRP maple syrup and tea (assam). Many around-the-house chores had to be done & so I did them all on my own -- including a major laundry; the clothes line was covered from end to end. After the first clothes line had hung out for an hour or so, I went down to the Tinker Creek ^{again} & washed more clothes -- the second trip consisted of bed sheets and the two blankets that I am currently using. The wet blankets caused the clothes line to sag down a great deal, but before long a large quantity of the water had run off/out & the load on the line lightened considerably; I decided, before getting out of bed, that I would not run all day long -- no matter what I did; I did a great deal in the course of the day, to be sure, but I did not rush in doing any of the things I did. One of the primary objectives of the day was to proof-read the final draft of I, 5 of the CAS & M Newsletter -- several important additions were made to the "accomplishments" list; at 4:30 P.M. JVB telephoned and rode out here with his father & brother Richard (who were getting a load of wood from my woodpile). JVB was up from Scranton (where he is living with Eileen & her "family") and announced that he would come out and "finish my case" -- excellent said SRP. About 5 P.M. they arrived. JVB came in & he & his father started splitting wood.

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JVB and I built the door to the "Cube"; JVB put the telephone wire through the back of the "Cube"; we put up the book shelf above the door -- about two hours of work for the two of us. John wanted his father to come in and "admire" his "creation" but his father adamantly went about splitting wood. John was, in effect, pleading for his father to come in & look over his work & tell him what a good job he had done, and yet he per se would not come in. Finally, they took a break from wood chopping & came in -- he per se could find nothing good to say about the "Cube" -- he itemized a list of things that he would have done differently or not done. He made me so mad that I thought I would strike him. What a cruel thing to do to a child. The wood cutters left & JVB & I finished up -- the shelf was the final thing to do. The time/money accounting: JVB owed me \$228.50 & worked for 2 hours today ($\$7.50/\text{hr} \times 2 = \15.00) and so $\$228.50 - \$15.00 = \$213.50$. Just as JVB & I were finishing up (I was sweeping the rug), SWP arrived. Very pleasant -- we sat in the "parlour" & talked -- mostly about John the woodworker living in in Scranton at the moment. John took a walk outside -- down through the Cemetery & down by the Tinker Creek. He declared the Tinker Creek area to be a perfect place for war